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Hitch



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Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

The sharp winds bit at Hannah's pale face as she trudged through the gray snow at the edge of the highway. She shivered as three cars flew past her, blowing cold air on any part of her body that was uncovered. Two of the cars continued driving, but one slowed to a stop.

A short man climbed out the car, and began to yell, "STOP!", but before he could finish, a bullet went straight into his heart and he collapsed on top of the gray snow, slowly turning a shade of dark red, as he bled to death.

Chapter 2 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



Hannah sighed, as she continued to run. She couldn't trust anyone after the outbreak at the lab. Her father had been working on a cure for cancer, and they had finally done it, but the damage was done before they realized what they had done. Instead of a cure for cancer, they had found a way for it to spread, to everyone.

"Honey, I made a terrible mistake. One day you'll learn, but I need to get away from here as fast as possible." He handed her a gray book bag. The sound of a helicopter whirled over the top of the house. Her father instantly paled. "Go, go now!" he whispered. If she had hesitated a minute longer, she would have been killed in the explosion. but as soon as he had said to run, she bolted

out the back door into the woods, not even looking back.

A boom had sounded in the back, and she had thrown her face down, but she had to escape before it was too late.

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Chapter 3 by IntelliBot



Suddenly, a zombie.

Not your average zombie.

A zombie barista. Followed hotly by about a dozen thirsty zombies craving their caffeine fix. Their insulated mugs gripped firmly by rotting fingers.

Hannah remembered the nearby Starbucks(tm) and ducked behind a burned-out sedan(tm) to wait for the zombies to pass by. When they had, she turned and made her way to the now empty Starbucks (already tm, so no need to anymore). It was cold within, but she wasn't looking for a holiday latte. She angled toward the office and found the phone still intact. A dial-tone even.

She lifted the receiver and cradled it to her shoulder. The numbers punched. A ringing on the other end, and then a click as the recipient picked up.

"Hullo?" was the voice on the other end.

"Uncle Walber?"

"Yes?"

"It's me, Hannah."

"Hannah. I haven't seen you in church for some time."

"That's because I live in Oregon now, Uncle Walber."

"Oh. Have you found any good churches out there?"

"Yes, yes. I go to church almost every day--"

"Because the Church of Holy Ropers is very important."

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"Have they gotten bad, dear?"

"Well, yes, you could say that."

"How bad?"

Hannah turned as the sound of a cancer-stricken zombie sinking its teeth into the skull of some poor bastard caught her attention.

"Uhm. Well. Pretty bad, Uncle Walber."

"Look, hon. You need to get yourself across the border."

"Canada?"

"No. South. You need to get into Mexico."

"Why Mexico?"

"There's a bar there with someone who can help you."

"What bar?"

"It's called... Nicargua."

Chapter 4 by



South? Mexico? How was she going to do that?! It was a few minutes after the phone call and Hannah was trying to figure out a plan in her head, although the Infected were doing a great job at being distracting.

Ok. Mexico. Right. She could do that. Maybe.

Hannah sighed, burying her face in her hands.

Step one: get transport. How about a car? It looked in pretty good shape and the keys would most probably be in the car including a map - after all, cars normally had maps.

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Step two: get the hell out of here. The Infected around here hadn't really noticed Hannah yet, but it wouldn't last. She had to get out and quickly.

Step three: Find the bar in Mexico. That would be the hardest part but with her uncle's instructions and directions, she could try. It was going to be a long, tough journey with a lot of dangers, but it was all she could do for now. She could only hope the infection hadn't spread too far, and wouldn't for some time.

Pocketing the phone, she peeked outside. It was pretty much clear. 'Well then,' she thought. 'Here goes.'

Chapter 5 by intellikat



Step one: get transport.

Hannah sprinted for the edge of the sedan, pausing for a moment with her hand on handle. She tried to breathe in slowly as not to allow her breath to billow out in such visible clouds, but then she wondered if it mattered to a zombie or not.

She was right in guessing the keys would be in the car. As she wrenched open the door, a half-decomposed corpse tipped out and she summoned all her willpower not to scream. Instead, she pulled the body down and out into the snow, and clambered into the driver's seat. The keys were there in the ignition and she prayed a quick prayer to the Everlasting Rope that the car would start. She turned the key.

Step two: get the hell out of here.

The car's engine turned over easily: surprising for a Kia. The zombies turned at the noise, but Hannah was ready. She put the vehicle in drive and accelerated the car into a whipping 180 that angled her out on the highway. In doing so, she crushed two unfortunate (or fortunate) zombies beneath the wheels.

Once she was free and in the clear, she began to whoop and holler.

But she had been wrong about a few things. She couldn't go anywhere or anywhere else.

Step three: Find the bar in

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It was a full week later and after dusk when Hannah crossed the border into the warmer weather of Mexico. Texas and several states around had not been stricken by the zombie scourge yet, and passage had been easier after she had neared the south. With another call close to the border, she had gotten directions from Uncle Walber a final time; he had been her map along the way, since geography had never been a strong suit. Thankfully, the car had a mass of coins in the cup tray, and this had been her telephonic salvation.

Hannah brought the Kia to a stop. The vehicle was just at the entry to a large parking lot where numerous vehicles were rolling up. A large, neon light glowed above a one story building. Once it had spelled out "Nicaragua," but the middle "a" had burnt out some time ago, leaving a new name.

Hannah rolled the car into the lot, and her anticipation was growing as the deep reverberating hum of a bassline could be heard from the lot. A diminutive pair of valets met her at the entry, opening the driver's side door politely. Hannah handed over the car's keys to one of them.

Up ahead, a large bouncer stood at the door, and gave Hannah a good look up and down before smiling and waving her in. As the door opened, the sounds of thick EDM met Hannah like a tidal wave.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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